

Welcome Lizzie!

# [ Welcome Lizzie ]

## Group Exulsion

You have been ostracized from a group.

click [here](#) to confirm

## My Account



- View my profile
- View my baggage
- Visualize me naked
- Search for people
- Browse my issues

You are connected to 49 better looking girls through exes.

[ browse them ]

You are connected to 68 people through common STDs.

[ browse them ]

You have been stabbed by Herbert Gutenstein

[ stab back ] [ medicate stab ]

## Birthday Reminders

Johnny Ronton has a birthday on January 13th.  
Jeff Saunders has a birthday on January 18th.

## The Next Base

Now you can join or create groups to link up with friends in a new and exciting way.



### Information

#### Account Info:

Name: Lizzie Bordenson  
Member Since: April 20, 2004  
Last Update: January 07, 2005, 1 minute ago

#### Basic Info:

Email: QTEE\_hothot143@mailbox.com  
Status: Student  
Sex: Hoe  
Year: 2007  
Oisorder: Arson  
Birthday: 06/09/80  
High School: Zanzibar High

#### Extended Info:

Screensname: L.Bo  
Relationship Status: In a deadend Relationship with Rocky McStoneyRock  
Cheating with: Edbur Crinkennous

#### Political Views:

Interests: Four legs good two legs baaaad  
Naming all the ants in my ant farm

#### Cults and gangs:

The Sky Is Falling - There's rat poison in the punch bowl, Time to party - Hell's Lawyers - Buddha 69 - GrecoRoman Mafia - Malnourashed Boys - Crypt Keepas - Bloods Donors - Hakuna Boys - The Crazy B8s

#### Favourite Position:

Kama Sutra # 89

#### Weapon of Choice:

Ninja stars - Ninja swords - Anything ninja related.

#### About Me:

That's for me to know and you to find out, unless my guards are inclined to stop you.

#### Groups

[ edit ]

Newfies Unite (U of T Chapter) - Hitler Youth - Hitchcock's Coalition for Stabbing Blondes - Queen's Park Red Hat Association - Syringe Swappers Club - I Steal Candy from Babies - Rasputin's Rabble of Ravenous Radicals - Linda Blair's Cross Welders - Kids who don't Tip - Keyser Soze's Turkish Militants - Or: Seuss Fan Club -I've got a Fever, and the Only Prescription Is MORE COWBELL (uToronto Chapter) - Hoebags anonymous - TOIKE OIKE - The 'Gargoyle has the nerve to say the Toike copied them' club - Mr. Kobayashi is a Fox - Arnold for President

## Lizzie's Wall

I know what you did to my car you unmitigated bastard. While my mother did not appreciate it in the least, I have to admit, that was some nice workmanship. Creative choice of toilet paper ply; you certainly didn't skimp on quality. Anyway, I know you're probably pissed at me for some reason, thus the cute little prank, but we should totally do lunch!

Hey Bitchcakes, feel free to call my back anytime regarding the money you need to pay me back for raising you for 18 years. thanks, Love Mom

Here's the thing, if you call me one more time regarding your Chlamydia test, I'm calling the police. It's not our fault you picked that shit up, so deal with it or at least fill the prescription we gave you. -Samson Medical Clinic

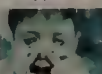
What's up y'all? I totally knew you in grade school. Remember when I made you eat a booger? That was wicked hilarious. What have you been up to since then? Any booger-eating lately? Cause if you're still into that I've started an organization, Booger-Eaters Anonymous. We meet every Thursday, you should really check it out.

### Imaginary friends (30)

Exes (6)

[ edit ]

[ edit ]



Gram Schmidt



Gustav Graves



Christmas Jones



Jules Ho (J.Ho)

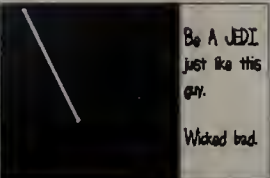
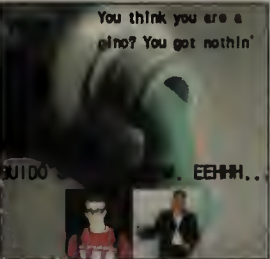


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HEY STUDENTS.....

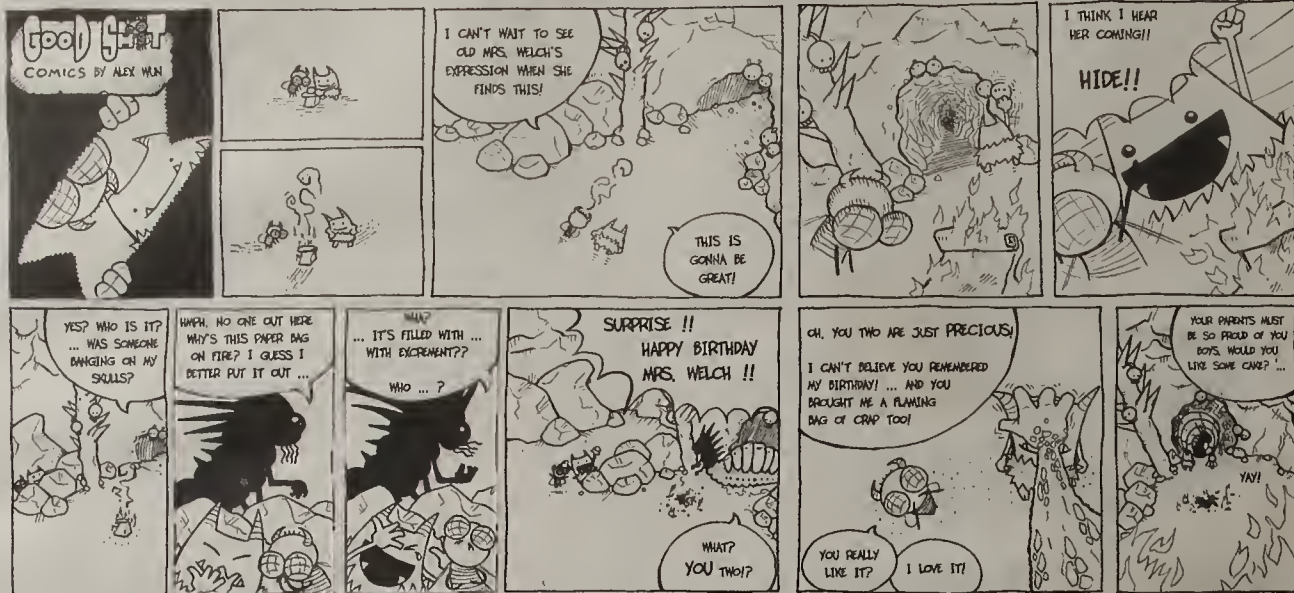
NEED CASH FAST?



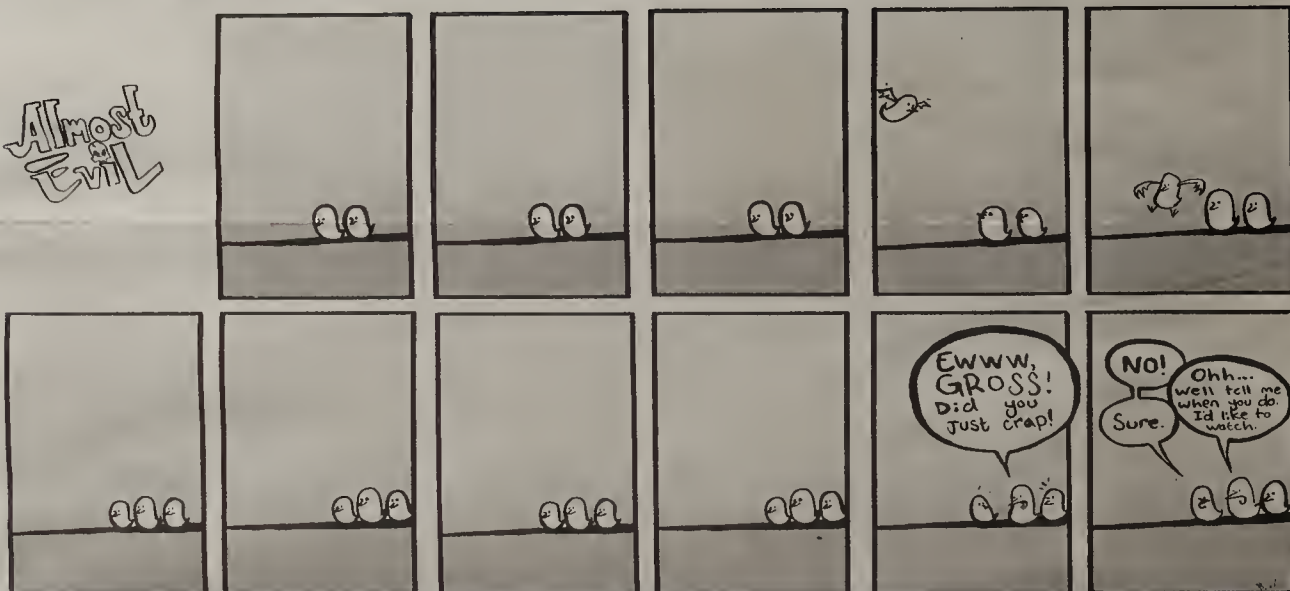
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# COMICS



## Almost Evil



## ADULTS ONLY

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XXX

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\$2.50 / min

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... FOR GUYS WHO LIKE IT OLD SCHOOL

ALL LEFTIES ALL THE TIME

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### RICKY's

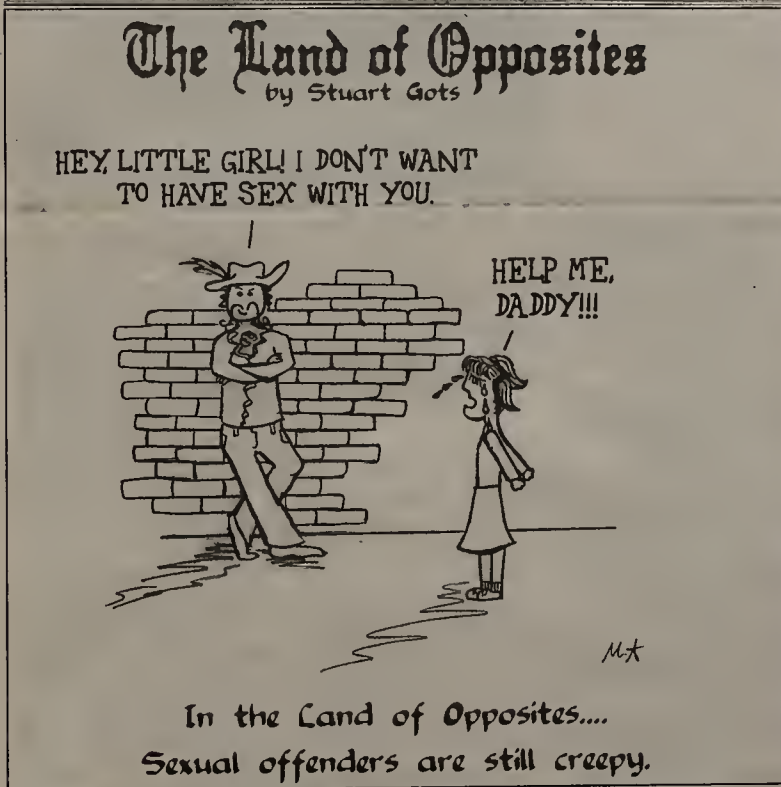
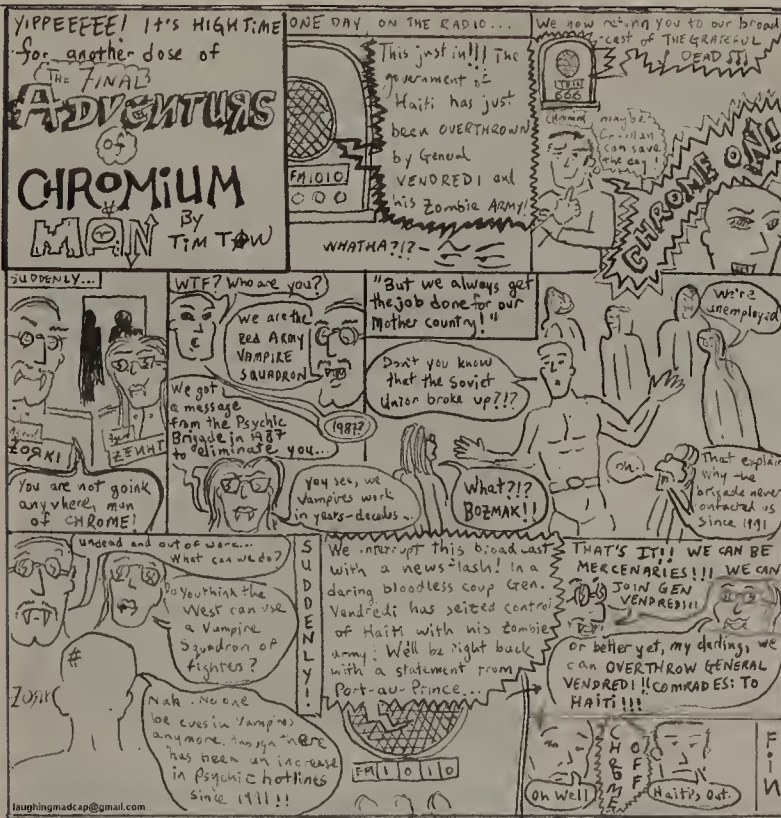
all night  
phone line

\$2.50 / min

Credit card/interac accepted

1 900 555 8845; must be 21 or over





## CLASSIFIEDS

### MERCH WANTED

BUCKS needed to blow Rudolph.

SHOVEL needed to rob graves. Dead girls can't say no. Stefano, 555-3094.

Fur burger with a side of thigh. Call the Gino-Fonz 555-7982.

FREE TIBET With purchase of Tibet of equal or lesser value. Limit 2 Tibets per customer.

### MERCH FOR SALE

"I BLEW SHATNER" hoodies. Dean, 555-3498.

IMAC LAPTOP. Remember, when you're not buying from Apple you're buying from capitalist pig-dogs. Steph, 555-0893.

### HELP WANTED

SOMEONE needed to blow me. Bill Shatner, please call 555-2399.

### CONNECTIONS

Remember the time we ran into each other at the dry cleaners and ended up having coffee like old schoolchums? You were on something weren't you, mom?

Amanda. I know we often misunderstood each other, but for the most part we understood each other perfectly. Please stop wearing my underwear on your head when we're in public. It's just plain wrong, there's shit streaks in them.

### BIRTHS

Jon Whitcomb gave birth last Wednesday evening at 7:30pm to a beautiful baby poo named Bethany. Bethany has 7,300 proud big brothers and sisters!

### DEATHS

Bethany Whitcomb drowned tragically moments after birth. Her remains were scattered in Lake Ontario.

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Postgraduate

### Can't get enough "Almost Evil"?

Check out <http://toike.skule.ca> for our new "Almost Evil Archive" featuring additional strips and information about the author.



**[The Beginning BC]**  
**SATAN:**  
In the form of a left-handed snake, convinced Eve to take a bite out of the forbidden fruit.



**[600 BC]**  
**Johnny VonSlave:**  
The first known inventor of slavery. Known to use his left hand for whipping; it was a simpler time.



**[Year 0]**  
**Don the Baptist:**  
The lesser known competition to John the Baptist. Don was known to bless people with his non-right hand. Though unconventional, he was the first true knock-off.



**[1400 AD]**  
**Captain Lefthook:**  
True to his namesake, the Captain had a hook on his left hand and had a mean left-hook.



**[1692 AD]**  
**Boobie O'Chestrnut:**  
Only partially burned during the Salem Witch Trials, Boobie lost her right hand and was forced to become a lefty. This greatly affected her professional status as the town wench.



**[2000 AD]**  
**Rocky Lefterson:**  
In the unfortunate accident of being born, Rocky arrived on this earth without a right limb. He quickly worked his way up the boxing ranks, by beating his opponents with his unnaturally large left hand. He finally met his match when he was beaten by Rightleg Charlie.

## FAMOUS LEFTIES THROUGH HISTORY



# NEWS BRIEFS

## CAUCASIAN STUDENT RECEIVES 'A' IN ORDINARY DIFFERENTIAL EQUATIONS

TORONTO (Skule) – The department of mathematics had a – what they like to describe as – “bit of a Christmas miracle.”

“It’s been over 50 years since we’ve been able to give out an ‘A’ to a Canadian student,” said chair of the math department, Michael Neilson, yesterday. After 51 years of all foreign students taking top awards, the department had a born and bred Canadian getting an A. “Sure, it’s not an A+, but it’s been such a long time since anyone educated in Canadian schools has been able to even score above 80%.”

Miranda Johnson was the one to break the famine. Born and raised in Saskatoon, by parents who were born and raised in Winnipeg, Johnson will receive the annual MVP award for math. She attributes her success to “hours and hours of studying” but also felt that she was held back from an A+ by TA’s that have a low command of the English language. “Maybe one day I can become a TA. Then I can help other native English speakers succeed in math.” Her parents were both very proud.

## PENITENTIARY VIEW NOT WHAT YOUNG COUPLES LOOKING FOR IN A CONDO

KINGSTON (Toike) – “They were saying that their condos were two bedroom at only \$100,000 and that’s a deal. It sounded too good to be true,” said Marcus Holding, half of the newly married Marcus and Mary Holding.

It was. When they arrived at the condo office, they realized that it was built on the parking lot of the local medium security penitentiary. “You could see the inmates exercising. We wanted to have kids and that’s not the thing that you want them seeing everyday.”

“The real-estate was too good of a buy to pass up,” says Leonard Hammond, the site’s manager. “Apparently people aren’t visiting their convicted relatives like they used to. That, and the subway’s so close that even if they do, it’s just-zip-on the subway.” He personally met with the Holdings as they expressed their concerns. “The prices should speak for themselves,” he says. “You couldn’t lease a wet dog kennel for this much.”

## UC STUDENT FINDS GOD

TORONTO (Toike) – Barry Turnright was haphazardly trying to find his new classroom when he accidentally found God instead. Thinking the janitors ward was his new class, he opened the door only to find God sprawled on the floor in raucous laughter with ketchup chips all over his chest. Amidst the brooms and soggy mops was a mini television and a telephone.

Turnright was taken aback but soon regained his composure and respectfully inquired, “What the hell are you doing here?” God replied in a booming voice “Just calling in to those religious TV shows and fucking with them.” God burst out in hysterical laughter and Barry quietly shut the door.

## STUDENT NEWSPAPER IS JEALOUS OF THE TOIKE OIKE

You know who you are.

# Your Crappy New Year’s Resolution

By Rusty St.Claire



Every student’s favourite resolution is “I’ll work my ass off and do better next semester”. And I’m not talking about that jerk who’s got 90s coming out of his ass, and thinks getting an Bo is worse than losing his calculator. I’m talking about you, with the borderline 60.01 average, hanging on by a thread. Ya, that’s right YOU, reading the Toike instead of studying.

You think you’re gonna do pretty good this term, don’t you? You’ve actually made it to all your classes so far, haven’t you? You’ve still got that high from when the clock stuck twelve and you felt that it was going to be the best year ever. I’ve got some news for you: old habits die hard, procrastination is actually an addiction, same with drugs and alcohol, you will fall asleep in many of your classes, text books are still going to be boring as hell, and when that first party comes around, your plans to do better will drain down the toilet bowl along with your stomach contents.

This is how you are going to deal with your lazy-ass habits and actually keep that New Year’s resolution: First, don’t take showers. You will lose a lot of friends and people will stop approaching you. Many engineers practice this, and well, the results are pretty good. Next, see that box that contains MSN Messenger? Pick it up and throw it out a window. Just because virtual friends cannot smell the new you, still does not mean that you are allowed to have them. Yes, the box has valuable programs like Word and the Internet, but go to school to do your damn assignments (by the way, if you see a school computer with Messenger on it, destroy it, everyone will thank you and you won’t get in trouble).

Soon you will have no distractions, with plenty of time to do work and get great grades! And it WILL be the best year ever!

COMIC GENIUS  
By Sean Hockin

# MONKEYS VS. FIRE

While hung-over the Saturday after my last exam, I spent the morning draped across my couch, watching cartoons in a semi-conscious haze. In a particularly random effort to be funny, one cartoon featured a monkey that was on fire. This is pure comic genius, in my opinion, combining two wonderfully humorous elements: something on fire and monkeys. But which of these elements is the most amusing? I decided to compare them and find out.

DAMAGE-CAUSING	
MONKEYS	FIRE
Throwing objects and feces	Burning everything in its path
HUMOUR ADVANTAGE: MONKEYS	
MODE OF TRANSPORTATION	
MONKEYS	FIRE
Swinging from tree to tree	Burning everything in its path
HUMOUR ADVANTAGE: FIRE	
PRIMARY ACTIVITY	
MONKEYS	FIRE
Throwing feces, eating ants, climbing trees	Burning everything in its path
HUMOUR ADVANTAGE: DRAW	
NOISE-MAKING	
MONKEYS	FIRE
Loud, high-pitched shrieks	Soft crackling
HUMOUR ADVANTAGE: MONKEYS	
EDIBILITY	
MONKEYS	FIRE
Sure, you could eat a monkey if you were hungry enough	Not so much
HUMOUR ADVANTAGE: MONKEYS	

So it seems that fire and monkeys are equally amusing, but become even funnier when combined. All the more power to the flaming monkeys.

# Stories of Home

(THAT’S CHINA. MY HOME’S CHINA)

We all remember our parents tucking us in at night and telling us a bedtime story before we finally go to sleep. And if you’re like me, you probably pointed out what was wrong with the way they told it and continued the story yourself until THEY fell asleep. This was last week.

My mom would always tell of stories from China about stupid people or people who deserved to die. I decided to share one of them with you.

There was once a lonely fisherman. He spent most of his life alone because he hated squirrels. Luckily for him China was facing a sort of squirrel shortage at that time so he was free to go outdoors again. He decided to drop by the local market for some crabs and tapioea balls. He was going to make his favourite flavoured bubble tea: crabs and ly-chee with soy milk. He couldn’t wait.

On the way home he saw a beautiful maiden stranded by the side of the road. He had never seen a real maiden before. Only those in the paintings his father had left him. Sometimes he would look at them at night and dream...among other things.

He offered the maiden a ride home.

She said to him “Many men have offered but suffered great consequences. Only the pure of heart can truly take me.”

To this the fisherman responded “Yo, Lady. It’s just a ride. Walk home then.” The maiden then walked towards him and got in his cart.

“You must take me to your place,” she told him. “I will keep you healthy and happy and we will spend many years together. But if you are not pure of

heart, something terrible will happen to you.”

The fisherman was really impressed with her beauty and the fact that she had on only a small piece of silk, wrapped tightly around her body, in the middle of winter. He has not done anything to be impure so he said “Meh. Why not?” He was 33 and it was about time he got some. He wasn’t truly ready for that level of commitment, but at least she didn’t mention any children.

They returned to his little hut. The beautiful maiden was thirsty from the trip so she asked for some water. When he brought back the bucket of water, the maiden was no longer there. In her place was a fearful monster with sharp fangs and glowing red eyes. She had long black hair and skin as pale as a ghost’s and was floating in midair. Monkeys started flying in through the window. They were also on fire.

“You lied to me,” said the monster. “You said your heart was pure.” And with that the monster ate him. The flaming monkeys then departed. “Flaming” in the fire sense. Not the gay sense. Although there’s nothing wrong with that. Gay monkeys, that is.

The maiden moved on to stand on more roads looking lost and cold. She still searches for more lonely fishermen and sometimes sailors to fall in love with her. She’ll tell them that she will only be with the pure of heart even though she knows she’ll eat them all anyway.

All that is left in the lonely hut of the fisherman is a pile of squirrel carcasses and a dozen soiled paintings of naked maidens.

- Mei Ling Chen



# CLUBBING

WITH TOMMY B.

It's Wednesday night; you're sitting in your room watching illicit videos, anticipating that incriminating knock on the door. You think to yourself: "Surely there's a better way to spend my time! Maybe if I just got off my fat, lazy ass... let me get a tissue first." Well, follow me and I'll teach you how to breathe the night and walk towards the light! Come on, let's go clubbing!

When you read the word "clubbing" you probably thought I was talking about seals. There's no need to worry, because the term also means attending a place called a "nightclub," where music is played at unnecessarily loud intensities. If there's a better way to spend your Wednesday, I haven't heard of it.

Before entering the club, you are likely to be approached by a very intimidating computer salesman called a "bouncer." Don't let the high-pressure sales tactics fool you into making a purchase you will later regret.

Now that you've arrived inside the club, you need to ingest an energy drink that I call "happy juice." Just walk up to the bar and order something called "vodka straight." Regardless of what you may think of ballet, dancing at a club isn't something that can be done by any bum you see on Yonge Street. This actually takes years of practice because you are expected to change your routines every



time. Luckily, I've created some key moves of my own that can be matched to music by someone with minimal experience or intelligence:

## Clean the Glasses

It's really not as difficult as it sounds. All you have to do is take the bottom of your shirt, make a small fold, and rub the ends for a while. You don't even have to move your legs or anything!

## The Spit

All you have to do for this move is spit somewhere. The guy you spit on will be really pissed at you and beating him up will score lots of points with the ladies.

Now you're ready to start hitting on hot women. Before you even start this part of your night, you need to make sure that your happy juice level is at full capacity. Once you are sure, you should begin a conversation. This part is very tricky because a mistake here would

very likely completely cut off your chances for sex. Here are some opening lines that you can use:

- Is it cold in here, or are you just a horny little slut?
- O-R-G-E-E. UT-boys, we like orgee! YEAAAA. WOO-HAA!! YEAHH!!
- The library called: they want their books back. "click click"
- Want some of my bonds? I'll give you a great coupon rate. "wink"

If you receive an unfavourable reply, do not be discouraged: it is not your fault and certainly not mine. Simply repeat the process to every other hot woman until your opening line has been acknowledged with a favourable response. I trust you can handle the rest.

How do you know if she's not interested? Phrases like "fuck off, dipshit," or "what is your problem, you pervert?" are great hints. Reading body language can also come in handy. Getting kicked in the genitals or receiving free happy juice in your face are not signs of courtship. There. Now isn't that what you really wanted to do on Wednesday, instead of fornicating in front of a computer screen? I thought so.

## Top 10 Places To Go Clubbing

10. The Metro Toronto Zoo
9. Petsmart
8. Queen's Park
7. The Arctic
6. Your Local Fish Pond
5. The National Seal Museum
4. Lake Ontario
3. North York Senior's Home
2. Duck Conservatory
1. Marine Land

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"Dude... eh... bro, this club is sick... bro"  
- some gino

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## Seriously...



Of late, several (and by several I mean all) of the newspapers on campus have engaged in what might be called "joke issues." While I do not pretend that our little rag has the market cornered on funniness, it perturbs me that the newspapers whose job it is to report factual campus happenings seem to take that job lightly, despite the inflated budgets which they receive on a weekly basis to produce such "news." Instead of reporting on the usual topics, (i.e. whatever S.A.C. scandal happens to come down the pike), campus newspapers seem to be heading towards that which the Toke holds near and dear, the "spoof".

To this lowly comedy writer, it would seem that a campus newspaper ought to make up its mind about what type of paper it wants to be. "Why are you being such a humbug?" one might inquire at this point. "Well," I might reply with hypothetical fervor, "if such newspapers as have been described above are willing to forgo the printing of actual student events so that some writer could scratch his itch for writing silly articles, then I see no reason for me not to write a serious article and encroach upon their territory as they have upon ours."

That being said, I must look towards the unnamed campus newspapers to which I refer for writing inspiration, since "serious hard-hitting articles" are not usually my area of expertise. I may need help formulating journalistic integrity, since I am certain that the

other newspapers on campus simply radiate it like moonbeams out of their assholes. Shit, I've already succumbed to humour-article tactics of swearing and alluding to the anus. (I hope that using the scientific term directly afterwards as I have done will repair the former slip-up). I must concentrate if this is going to work.

Now, what serious topic to choose? Ah yes, the departure of Bob Birgeineau. Old news by now of course, but is not old news a campus paper's best friend? If I were my former comedy-writing self, I would poke fun at Bob and the bizarre plastered-on grin which always seemed to graze his lips. However, I must remain steadfast to the facts at hand, however boring they may be, if I want to emulate the way most campus newspapers operate. So what if he went to California to score more dough, abandoning our little Toronto hamlet for roller-blading down the steep hills of nearby Frisco?

Having sufficiently lost the attention of my readers half way through my attempt at a serious article, I have truly gone the way of what most newspapers on campus generally achieve. I better include a picture with a clever caption just like they do, since I'm fairly certain that is the only thing that people graze over in those other papers anyway. Maybe it's just me and my penchant for articles that get to the point? To end on a serious note, seeing as ending on a funny note seems to be all that other papers can come up with and I feel like being original; if you're going to paste John Kerry onto our campus, at least use your scissors more carefully in your editing process, because I think you snipped off a bit of his hair-do. Oh yes, and my apparent bitterness? I guess this article does have a joke in it after all.

-Annie Unnold

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# Just For Kids!

I	T	O	E	H	I	C	C	C	R	S	I	C	K	E	K	E
C	E	S	E	S	A	S	O	I	B	I	I	M	I	N	A	E
U	M	V	E	S	S	R	A	I	C	E	W	E	A	K	E	I
N	C	E	E	O	M	K	I	N	C	G	F	O	K	Y	U	F
T	I	C	I	E	E	Y	C	U	B	A	R	I	R	U	K	E
K	E	K	R	I	W	C	A	I	S	A	E	L	B	R	E	E
A	I	W	S	E	T	R	I	S	A	E	L	B	R	E	E	I
C	A	A	U	Y	T	O	C	C	I	A	O	T	A	E	E	U
Y	O	L	U	V	I	F	E	I	I	I	H	C	C	C	H	K
U	H	A	N	U	S	C	N	Y	I	O	S	U	A	T	O	C
U	I	C	R	B	I	A	U	I	C	I	S	W	I	U	I	I
N	I	I	R	Y	T	O	K	U	N	Y	A	O	I	W	E	F
E	P	R	E	C	R	I	N	O	T	E	S	V	C	A	R	F
S	M	U	A	B	A	R	E	K	C	U	E	R	H	T	O	M
U	A	T	H	E	S	E	S	Y	O	U	R	U	O	I	C	M
A	S	S	W	E	K	E	H	E	W	C	N	T	B	A	L	T
U	C	K	S	E	I	M	F	I	T	U	E	C	K	A	I	E
N	W	O	L	C	S	S	A	T	N	E	L	A	T	O	N	L

### Hey Kids!

Little Jimmy wants to cuss someone out, but he's lost his disses! Help him find his disses by circling the following words above! The first one is done for you.

- ~~asshole~~  
asswipe  
cocksucker  
cuntrag  
dickhead  
dickwad  
dillhole
- douchebag  
fuckbucket  
fuckhead  
motherfucker  
prick  
slimfit dick  
tool

BONUS POINTS:  
medieval dickweed

DOUBLE SECRET BONUS POINTS:  
no talent ass clown



## 'Lefties'

A hard end in depth lo... recommended masturbators

For this month's left-handed issue we decided to talk to all those left-handed masturbators and ask them what they love about masturbating with their left hand.

Here's what they had to say...

### 1. Ron Harold

Toike: So what made you decide to masturbate with the left?

Ron: Well, my left hand has always been steadier and more coordinated than my right. I've spent years training it to what I think is perfection.

T: That's awesome. Now what are the advantages to masturbating with the left?

R: I hardly ever use my left for anything else, so this way my left hand can feel just as important. If not more.

T: Is there anything you'd like to tell kids who are still trying to decide which hand?

R: Mix it up, man. You gotta try different things before you commit to one. It's what I keep telling my girlfriend...

### 2. Seth Duncan

Toike: So how long have you been masturbating with your left?

Seth: About 5 years now. I started

Which hand do YOU masturbate with?

eMail toike@skule.ca and let us know!

-Interviews conducted by Mei Ling Chen

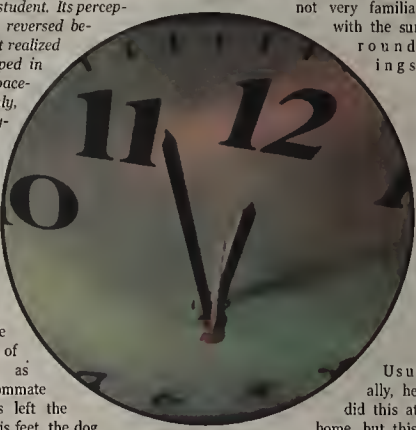
# A Wriggle in Time

In honour of the backwards newspaper (in case, you didn't notice, it opens left-to-right instead of the conventional right-to-left, but you didn't need me to point that one out, did you?), I decided to write an article... backwards!!! The following, inspired by Martin Amis' *Time's Arrow*, describes an account of a confused parasite living on the eyelid of a university student. Its perception of time is reversed because it has not realized that it is trapped in time due to a space-time anomaly, which is replaying the past... backwards. See if you can figure out what's going on.

His expression transformed from a look of absolute horror to that of extreme bliss as soon as his roommate and her guests left the room. Before his feet, the dog slowly backed away from him as the boy beckoned him over, but the dog ignored him and went back to eating. Looking down at the giant stalk in his hand, the boy began removing the spread peanut butter with a knife. I found it rather unhealthy of him to place it back in the Skippy's jar, but then again, this sort of behaviour seemed to be the norm these days. The boy tightened the lid of the peanut butter container and placed it back in the cupboard. His eyes darted toward the television to find three bux-

om blondes involved in a threesome. He approached the couch and sat down in front to get a better view.

Taking his gadget in his right hand, he gave it a few violent shakes. As he finally went to work, he allowed the utensil to quiver gracefully in his hand. This was a little weird for me, because I was not very familiar with the surroundings.



mending ripped clothes in the process. The boy turned off the television and walked toward his apartment door. He stood and stared at it for several minutes.

Suddenly, the door swung open and a girl stumbled in. The boy appeared angry at first glance, but was soon calmed when he was greeted by a vicious slap across the face. Surprisingly, he responded with a hug and an attempt to squeeze her left boob. That was the thing with women here. They always seemed to bring joy to a man's heart with a ferocious bitchslap. I guess that's the thing about women. I'll never understand them. It doesn't matter what world I'm in.

Did you figure it out?

Read again if you need to before going on to find out the synopsis...

SYNOPSIS: Basically, it was about a horny guy who tried to cop a feel and paid the price. While alone, he decided to write an essay while watching a porno movie, like most guys would. His pen ran out of ink, so he went to the kitchen to make a snack of peanut butter and celery sticks. He was startled when his roommate arrived home early to find him using her peanut butter. That is all.

- Stuart Gais

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# Hey Kids!

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# Monique and Clarence



Tragic love stories are told throughout the ages, from generation to generation. These lovers are known in every culture: Romeo and Juliet, Marc Antony and Cleopatra. Recently after a fire in Buffalo, New York, a set of letters were recovered from the site. Dated to the early 1900s, they were presumed to have belonged to the late Madame Monique Denardeau. The correspondence was between her and Clarence Jones, which told of what might be the greatest love story of our time.

May 25, 1904  
Dearest Monique,

It has been almost twelve days since you have departed for the Americas. I grow weary with regret that I did not make you stay like you had hoped, but I could only keep you in the cage for so long before the authorities would have found you.

As I write this I am filled with great joy. Little John has finally learned to walk. Mother thinks that his lateness in learning to walk is due to his fragile body and strong mind. I think it's due to the late night cupcakes she keeps feeding him. He misses you so. He called out your name the other day. Mother wonders what "fat whore" could possibly mean to a two year-old boy but we both know better.

I think about you everyday. I play the moment we met over and over again in my head. I remember waiting for my weekly special from Hilda and you walked in. The way you looked in the corset and heels stirs my blood to this very day. And how you kept the feathered cap on the entire time. I was barely able to contain myself. I miss you.

With love,  
Clarence

June 3, 1904  
Monique my love,

I was overjoyed upon reading your last letter. I am yet still unaccustomed to your American jokes. What exactly is a "Theodore Roosevelt"?

You mentioned many men in your letter. I am pleased that you are surrounding yourself with friends to fill the void of not having me around. Although this is the first I've heard of "Richard". Is he another cousin?

The past week has been very stressful for me. Trevor has been riding me to finish the last of the manuscript. I find it really hard to write without you here beside me. You have always been my muse. I have been going through some tough times financially but Trevor says once vegetable erotica goes into the mainstream we'll be set. I don't know what I'd do without Trevor. He is my rock.

I framed the picture you sent me. I put it right next to my bed so that I may see your face whenever I wake. I did however cut out the head of the gentleman grabbing your bosom and replaced it with a picture of my own.

I have hope that you will return to me someday. Until then I will wait here alone with the feathered cap that still smells of you.

Much love,  
Clarence

August 25, 1904  
Monique,

It has been three weeks since your last letter. I am getting worried. Are you alright? Why have you not tried to contact me? I sent Pierre to the Americas to find you but he has yet to send word to me. And my carrier pigeon has been very curt to me lately.

Mother has heard that you were found walking the streets arm in arm with another man. Is this true? Have you found another? I cannot stand this any longer. Do you still wear your promise ring?

Clarence

November 4, 1904  
Dearest Monique,

I am ever so sorry for what happened. I was so afraid that I might have lost you, that I was not really thinking about my actions. When I sailed out in search of you all I thought of was seeing your face again, and catching you in that embrace with Pierre came as a shock to me. The cleaver just leapt right out of my hands. Who would've thought I had such good aim while enraged? Or that I would retrieve said cleaver and continue throwing it at him?

I know you told me not to contact you but I had to explain. I still love you. I will always love you. If you ever do come back do not hesitate to visit me.

Forever yours,  
Clarence

The letters stopped soon after. Monique Denardeau never married and lived a very successful but lonely life as a burlesque dancer. Clarence Jones was tried for murder and spent 6 years in jail. Vegetable erotica became very popular in the London underground and Jones lived comfortably for the remainder of his years.

# Why I Don't Drive

Whether it's a really whiney little beyotch who's too good to take the bus, or a group of friends wanting to hitch a free ride, my answer's always the same: I don't drive! At least, not anymore. The next question is, of course, "why?" Well, I'll tell you "why." I'll tell you and then maybe you can go fornicate yourself in the corner and keep your damn mouth shut next time!

I don't drive for a number of reasons. First of all, I don't have my license anymore. It's not as interesting of a story as you would expect. All that happened was I let some kid borrow it and then when he didn't want to give it back, I had to shove it down his throat to prove my point.

Secondly, I hate driving because something/someone always runs under my car. It started out with just squirrels and pigeons, then when I found a shortcut through a local park, I started getting beavers, ducks, geese, small children, and moose. Also, every



time I'm driving on the sidewalk downtown, all these homeless people jump out of nowhere under my wheels. It's like everyone's against me! How can I drive when all these things slow me down? The bus is way faster!

Point B is always the hospital. I don't remember how it ever happens, but every time I get behind the wheel, I end up in the emergency room. This is really scary because I can't ever find a scientific explanation for this phenom-

enon. The most logical explanation I see is that there must be some type of spatial anomaly like a wormhole inside my Toyota; you never know what "hybrid technology" really means

I'm not saying I'm a bad driver. It's a matter of karma, is what it is. I'm so good at everything else that I do that the universe would crash if I were any better at driving. Let's just leave it at that.

Lastly, my jar of toenail clippings is becoming too popular. People even use a special signal if they want to see it: they raise their middle finger. Everyone's been asking for my jar, and it's really difficult to drive and show it to them, especially when I'm on the highway.

So keep the above in mind next time you want to save money on cab fare, because you're not getting a ride from me!

-Anton Basse

WHEN YOU TELL THAT BUM THAT YOU HAVE NO CHANGE....

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# New Year's Resolutions Surveyed



So we made a bit of a mistake this year. During one of our staff meetings (read: binge drinking) there was a decision made (at my provoking) to relocate all of our budget to a special section in this issue. Unfortunately, this means that there will be few features in future issues; maybe this idea really wasn't all that funny in the end. But let me tell you, if you were at our meeting on Thursday night, it would have seemed really, really funny to you. You might have died laughing. (Sorry again to Miguel's parents. We didn't know that he was allergic.)

So here we go... All of our winter budget has been squandered for an exciting survey. Everyone likes exciting surveys, right?

We interviewed thousands of professionals from different fields to find out

how they would start living their lives differently, given the chance. They came up with some answers. Not really great ones, but definitely some. But enough with the one-sided chit-chat. Let's cut to the chase.

## Question:

- a) If given the chance to relive your year again, how would you change?
- b) What is the probability that you will remember your change and implement it?

## 1. Dentists:

- a) Nine out of ten dentists want to be the one dentist that disagrees on Colgate television commercial.
- b) Nine out of ten. (Surveyed: 10)

## 2. Beekeepers:

- a) Stop taking so many tea breaks with the Queen.
- b) If she beckons me, I must go. (Surveyed: 1, but he seemed a bit drunk on power.)

## 3. Comedians:

- a) Find girlfriend so I can do stand-up about a bad girlfriend. It's funny. Ha!
- b) 87.43% Ha! (Surveyed: 138, this is a computer compressed answer—but they really spelt out all the 'Ha's.)

## 4. Maria von Trapp actors in The Sound of Music:

- a) Find a favourite thing better than 'grays in white dresses.' Alternatively, pray for the recovery of Julie Andrews's voice.
- b) Unlikely. Comprehensive copyright laws protect Rogers. (Surveyed: 1029)

## 5. Economists:

- a) Give up the useless social science.
- b) Can only guess certain tendency, but cannot predict outcome. (Surveyed: 78)

## 6. Santa's Elves:

- a) Search for less seasonable work.
- b) Unlikely: Santa becomes very passive aggressive around the New Year. (Surveyed: all)

## 7. Engineers:

- a) Stop being an engineer.
- b) Nil. Cannot let social scientists know that they have won. (Surveyed: 666)

## 8. Pat Benetar:

- a) Launch comeback out of love on the musical battlefield.
- b) 100% likely, but 110% likely to fail. (Surveyed: 2—Crazy. Who knew?)

-Lena Schuck



## Harry Potter and The Golden Snatch: A Tale From Hogwarts

By HARRY POTTER



Today the wind is perfect. Our brooms soar above the beach and we swoop and dive. We are the greatest Quidditch players who ever lived, Ron and I, we are beautiful and young. And I do this trick where I fly up to the Golden Snatch from behind, and when I'm almost there I jump at it and my broom does a kind of 180 in the air—it's probably a 360, actually, when you think of it—and I spin and a Bludger whips past my ear but does not dislodge me, nor could it, because no one has ever played Quidditch like this. I am really fucking good. And so now I am upside down and the Snatch is beneath me and I catch it behind my back, over my shoulder, one hand. Can you see this? Goddamn, look at that fucking catch.

"Three cheers for Harry Potter!" shouts Hermione from below as I glide down. Glide yes, the lubricant from the Golden Snatch makes for the effortless motion of my broom. Three cheers? I certainly deserve three more! The grace, the flexibility, the sheer awesomeness with which I attacked the Golden Snatch requires much more than a simple hurrah. After all, my jaw is sore and the stench of my breath is absolutely unbearable. I need a cigarette.

Is Ron asleep? He was panting a minute ago during the heat of the Quidditch match, his moist red hair hanging over his warm blue eyes. But now he appears exhausted from the ordeal. As well he should be, I have yet to see another soul ride wood quite as uncannily well as Ron. No other save for I of course; I am really fucking awesome. Ron's skill with the aforementioned broom makes him a most excellent wingman.

Ron stirs. Hermione is holding something.

"Harry," says Ron, breathless, excited. "Harry, look what Hermione found!"

Hermione is holding Ron's wand.

"You'll never believe where I found it. But she's wrong. I will believe, because I want to believe, I want so much to—"

"Ron's wand smells like urine," I say.

"It does not," Ron says.

"It does."

"How could it smell like urine?"

"Malfoy! He must have peed on it!"

"That slut!"

"Oh Harry," says Hermione looking very lithe and boyish in her black robe. "We must tell Dumbledore immediately!"

I have a better idea. A fantastic idea in fact. My idea is this: Hermione and I should have sex. Fantastic sex in fact. Sex without Ron's smelly wand and certainly without Malfoy's smelly pee. Wait, I'm growing fond of this particular odour. "Harry Potter and the Golden Shower..." ooooo I enjoy the sound of that.

## Vacation Causes Relaxation of Bowels

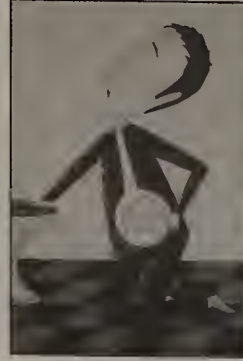
A JOURNEY THROUGH THE ANNALS OF THE SOUL

Winter break leads to brain leakage. This is a well known fact of University life. But, do you know that it can also lead to anal leakage? Vacation relaxation turns the mind into mush while bowel relaxation can turn your vacation into shit; literally, and lots of it. You may be asking what the correlation is between winter break and shit. Good question. I am glad you asked. A family trip to Mexico, combined with an evil foreign intestinal parasite will yield a very shitty time.

Allow me to indulge you with personal details. I awoke to the sound of the ocean. My face was swollen from being accidentally hit with a lounge chair the night before. Or maybe that's just what I told my parents after a night of drunken making out (shhhh...). As the lightly salted morning wind caressed my face, my head felt the unearthly throbbing of a thousand screaming tourists who think Mexicans understand English better the louder you speak. I became aware of the body aches and realized I couldn't move. Was this a hangerover? Or was it something else? Could it be a Mexican water parasite doing the cha cha in my colon? Perhaps.

Next thing I knew, I had explosive diarrhea that could have leveled a small village.

The next three days were spent watching soap operas, slipping in and out of consciousness and sbiting like I was trying to fertilize the Sabara Desert. When it seemed like my odyssey could get no worse, somewhere between reruns of The Young and the Restless and Days of Our Lives, I was stricken with what might be called mental diarrhea.



Torrents of formless, feverish thoughts spewed forth in a stream-of-consciousness manner.

If I ever have a kid, I will name it Genghis. Genghis or Caligula actually. Cornelius is also fun, but people would shorten that and call the kid "Corn." That reminds me of foot corns. Those are nasty. My grandmother makes me rub hers sometimes. They are all hard and calloused. No, Cornelius is off the list. Boy, am I glad I figured this out early.

Just when I thought I was good and done, another morsel pushed its way into the open. What did the vinyl record say to the C.D. during an argument? Stop being so one-sided...Oy...that was bad.

All this delusional brain activity had me pretty pooped. After castigating myself for being totally lame, I made my way to the latrine once again.

I spent about an hour writhing in agony (not to complain), then blacked out. I woke up. It could have been a minute. It could have been days. The tap was running and the toilet...oh yes, the toilet was hissing like a madman. A single thought floated above me in the tungsten luminance of my chamber of hell. This was not the work of a microscopic parasite. No, it was the work of the Lord! He was trying to send me a sign! Either that or it was the Mexican version of Jenny Craig.

I realized that some super-constipating agent was missing in my life and became consumed with a feeling of inner emptiness.

Then it hit me like an oversized Pepto Bismol tablet. School! Stress! How I missed them so. Winter break had thrown me into such a state of hyper-relaxation, that even the most reliable of sphincters could not resist slacking off on the job. The only cure for me was second semester. Without school, my life and my stool lacked structure. Pathetic? Yes. True? Definitely.

Armed with my revelation, I made my new years resolution. I was going to improve my grades. I thought "No more aimless essays for me! I'm going to stay stiffly bound to the page limit and not dilly-dally on my conclusions with last minute drivel. No more watered down, run on sentences. I'll keep my ideas compact and consistent." Nature called, and I picked up the phone with newfound confidence, for I had made the best out of a very crappy situation.

- Marin Turk



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# The Toike Oike

The University of Toronto's -humour Newspaper- Since 1911

Volume XCVIII — Issue V — January 2005

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## SPECIAL THANKS

The holiday season

## COLOPHON

The Toike Oike is produced using a computer, and the newsprint is made of 60% polynuclear-thetainines and 40% ethylneural-oxides. We don't actually know what these chemicals are, but they sure make us sound smart. The body copy is set in Georgia, and the headlines in Myriad.

## WHAT HO?

The Toike Oike is a covert organization committed to the proliferation of humour at the University of Toronto. It is our mandate to insist that your education is NOT about your career so much as it is about shaping your outlook on life to come. So lighten up, sit back and have an iced tea (even if it's cold outside). Our ranks are filled with zealous revolutionaries from both Engineering and Arts & Science. We meet every month on the Saturday following distribution. Viva la revolution!

## DISCLAIMER

The radical, ultra left-wing opinions expressed in this newspaper do not necessarily reflect those of the Engineering Society or the University of Toronto. In fact, they don't even necessarily reflect the opinions of the writers. If you happen to find any of the material within these pages offensive, do not try to sue us, as we have a crack team of crackhead lawyers ready to bring the pain. Sucka.



UNIVERSITY OF TORONTO  
students'administrative council

# EDITORIAL

## A Quirky Little Story.

Now why, you ask, would a trip to the local Futureshop be such a traumatic experience? Is it because their prices are too high or that their salespeople are snooty? Actually, quite the contrary is the case - Futureshop is an excellent store. That is, unless you decide to go on Boxing Day, when it becomes a mad house, transforming even the most civilized people into bargain hunting fiends.

Before I left on my expedition, I figured it would be a good idea to wear comfortable shoes and pack myself a bagged lunch because I expected that navigating through the crowds would take a while. So with my survival kit in hand, I began to push my way through the store. Along my way I saw another shopper lifelessly lying up against a pile of Sony DVD players. His water canteen was empty and his energy drained. I offered him a sip from my water bottle and he gave me a nod of gratitude. We left without even exchanging words, but we felt like brothers. While I hoped he would return home safely, inside I secretly knew that he'd probably never make it out alive. Most shoppers don't.

That being said, although they say that Boxing Day is when you get what you *really* wanted for Christmas (and for those who don't celebrate Christmas, it's the time when you take advantage of the season and splurge), don't you think that Boxing Day is a little overrated?

1. From what I observed, the average shopper had to start lining up three storefronts away and wait a ridiculous amount of time just to get into the store. This was because the flow into the store was regulated by several bouncers who looked like off duty Toy's R Us security guards. The last time I saw a line like that was at the Government (hmm, both the nightclub and the boarder actually).

2. No matter how cheap you think you are, there's always a person cheaper (and more hardcore) than you willing to camp outside the store in order to make sure they get their hands on the door crasher items. The last time I saw line up that long was for a rock concert, and even that wasn't justified. So it only makes sense that after waiting in such

a long line (to find out that what they were looking for was sold out), some shoppers ended up buying something that wasn't even on sale, just so that he or she didn't leave empty handed.

Somewhere along the line, somebody managed to create a day where stores are able to sell off all of their old inventory from the past year, and convince people to line up a block away just to buy it.

Forget engineering, I think I'm in the wrong business.

**Two lefts don't make a right.  
But three do.**

Well folks, I hope you didn't have too much trouble opening up this issue. In case you haven't noticed, we decided to help our left-handed brothers and sisters out and publish a Left-handed Toike! I hope you enjoy it...

- David Kobayashi  
Editor in Chief

## LETTERS TO THE EDITOR

Okay, I just have to ask this, because I've been wondering...

When I first saw the ad for the Matrix in the Toike, the 10 DVD set with "This is my world" on it, I laughed out loud. This is one of the prime jokes between my friend and I, who enjoy movies, and have this big theory on how the Matrix sequels were over-inflated, overdone, and pretty ludicrous. This in mind, it was one of the funnier things I'd seen in recent history, because it played on the idea that it was just a ridiculous cash grab.

NOW, when I read this ad, I was 100% certain it was a joke. Then I saw it in the Varsity. When I found out it was real, I laughed even harder...

*Yup, it was real. We're glad you enjoyed it.*

Dear Toike Oike,

As I was cleaning the soiled newspapers under my parrot's birdcage, I happened to catch a glimpse of last month's Gargoyle. Their editorial comments about your newspaper have left me with a bad taste in my mouth. This may be partly due to the fact that I was reading it over top of my parrot's shit for a long period of time. After getting my stomach pumped, I felt I had to write to you in support. I want you to know that

I will not be supporting the Gargoyle anymore. Truth be told, I didn't really read it. I just used the paper as lining to my birdcage. Oh ya, and also, I use it to clean up my own semen.

Dixon Tophar

*I hear that newsprint ink reduces your sperm count, so I'd be more careful in the future! However, that aside, thanks for your support.*

Dear Toike Oike,

What the fuck is up with the Gargoyle? And what the fuck is GARGCORE?!! It sounds like some new way of giving head.

Fr. Curtis O'Reilly

*Anything is possible.*

Dear Toike,  
Hey, what's the deal with you guys doing an IKEA spoof days after the Gargoyle does its Ikea issue? Why are you such copy-cats all of a sudden.

Confused Student

*Well funny you should ask, young lad. In point of fact, the Toike has a rigorous printing schedule which involves coming up with our concepts and having them in full development long before the Gargoyle came out with its little spoof, so really, despite what the Gargoyle would lead you to believe, it would have been virtually impossible for us to see their issue and build an*

*entire issue around that concept a mere week before we were due to be printed. Thanks for the question!*

Dear Toike,

I noticed that you recent issue that also spoofed IKEA. At first I was like, whoa they totally ripped off the Gargoyle, but then I kind of noticed that you guys did a much better job, so whatever, more power to you! Hilarious issue overall.

*Thanks Da'hling, please send any and all future fan-mail to my boudoir. XOXO*

Dear Toike,

I couldn't believe the nerve the Gargoyle had in accusing you of copying their idea. If I didn't know any better, I'd say that they had spies feeding them information. Or maybe very well trained monkeys. Or maybe flying monkeys with huge wings (and when they bark they shoot regular non-flying monkeys out of their mouth).

I'd be careful if there are any flying monkeys attending your content meetings. I think they're up to no good.

John Foster, OT7

*Right, thanks.*

The Toike would like to thank everyone who wrote in this month. It's nice to have such spirited readers!

## Get Involved With The Toike Oike!

It's the new year, bltches.

Satisfy your new year's resolution to be cooler, and write for the Toike.

**Our next content meeting will be held on:**

Tuesday, January 11, 2005 @ 6:00pm in the Sandford Fleming Atrium.

Questions?? email [toike@skule.ca](mailto:toike@skule.ca)



# NEWS BRIEFS

## ESL STUDENTS TEACH TEACHER A THING OR TWO ABOUT ENGLISH

YORK (Toike) - Georgia Mowatt had to admit yesterday that she didn't know everything about the English language. After much debate with ESL student Lee Woo, Mowatt was forced to resign as ESL tutor at York University. She was unavailable for comment.

Mowatt got caught after teaching the "I before E" rule but forgetting the "except after C" part. "Easily the most important part" says Neil Watson, who notes that his own name actually defies that rule. This irony was pointed out by Mowatt, who up until that point was considered to be a gifted scholar.

## FASHIONISTA PURCHASES SENSIBLE SHOES; INSTANTLY REGRETS DECISION



Toronto (AP) - Urged by her mother to buy practical shoes instead of the stilettos which she desired, Gina Dotson betrayed her instincts and actually bought a pair of brown leather loafers last Friday, much to the dismay of her social group. While sitting at their usual brunch table at the hot-spot where they are regular customers, fellow single-girl Sarah Parker remarked, "We thought Gina would have more sense than that. We are truly disappointed." When prodded for further comments, Gina's friends lost interest and began wondering whether women who are still single at age thirty will always be single, whether Mr. Right really exists, and whether orgasms are really just a frame of mind.

## MAN STILL PLAGUED BY OVERPLAYED SPICE GIRL SONG

LONDON (BBC) - It's been 7 years since the Spice Girls released their first single "If You Wanna Be My Lover", and Mark Haddington still has that song stuck in his head. "I just can't get it out," says the 47 year-old science teacher, "It still drives me nuts."

In 1997, when the Spice Girls released their first album, "If You Wanna Be My Lover" was played on the radio an average of 9 times an hour. "With that much play," remarks Lenny Paterson, head of the Faculty of Psychology at the University of Waterloo, "it's a surprise that not more people are affected with this problem."

Paterson maintains that Ali Saints was the more "contiguous" British girl band.

## DIRECTIONALLY CHALLENGED PROCREATE DESPITE ODDS

CANADA (Reuters) - Somewhere in the left hemisphere, a left leaning man swerved into the left lane and crashed into a right-handed woman wrongly driving in the right direction. They fell in love at the insurance department and had an ambidextrous child with no sense of direction.

# What's Happening in the Lefty Scene

A MESSAGE FROM THE PRESIDENT OF THE LEFTIES COMMUNITY ASSOCIATION:



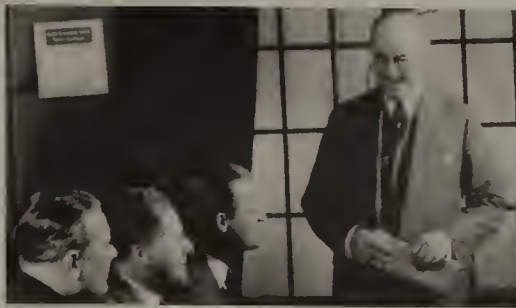
Well, another year has come and gone - and all of us have managed to make it through another twelve months in a right-handed world.

It's certainly easy to get discouraged when it seems like our right-hand biased society is trying to stamp us out of existence. But as always, we persevere since every cloud has a silver lining (just as every whipping thankfully leads to having hot wax dripped on your belly button and nipples). This past year has had its ups and downs, but encouraging progress is being made towards bridging the hand-bias gap. Let's all march forward to a lefty future with our left hands proudly raised to the skies in front of us.

**Leonard Spiegelman**  
The Lefties Community Association  
President.

## Jeers to the Honey-Wheat Bakery for leftism.

Leftist protesters camped outside Honey-Wheat Bakery early this month, demanding changes in the company's bread products. The bread company is notorious for producing sliced bread that is excruciatingly difficult for lefties to put spread on. Samantha Green, the protest organizer, believes their requests are very reasonable. "We just don't want any more bread that doesn't fit properly in our left hands. We're sick of smearing peanut butter all over our thumbs and slapping pieces of ham or cheese onto our wrists. It's time they recognized our basic human lefts. It's



time for a change", remarks Green. Maple McTrellis, president of Honey-Wheat Bakery says she would like to negotiate but can't figure out what the protesters want. "They just keep waving their signs that say 'More Lefts for Lefties Left Now!' and 'Leftism Just Not Left!' I can't figure out what they want ... thicker crusts?", says a puzzled McTrellis. Protesters plan to stay camped outside the bakery until their demands are met, while McTrellis plans to continue standing in her office window looking frustrated and confused.

## Cheers to left-handed flautist Homeless Dan.

Musician and street performer, Homeless Dan and his famous wood flute will be touring intersections in Toronto again this year. Last year, hundreds of lucky pedestrians were able to catch one of Homeless Dan's spectacular performances - a musical experience like no other. Dan will be taking the smooth earthy tones of his wood flute

and garbage bag filled shopping buggy (suspected to contain diapers and empty pop cans) on tour again this year. However, this time around he's teamed up with rising star Homeless Benny. This explosive pair will be performing as "Flutey Dan and Wild Plastic Bucket Man". Their colourful melodies and unique sour smells will permeate your senses (and clothes) - leaving you breathless (or vomiting). Dan is an inspiration to left-handed musicians everywhere and Toronto residents can catch his performance free of charge.

## Jeers to continued leftism in our communities.

Controversy broke out in a small town in Northern Ontario when 67-year old Harold Mockley was attacked at a community garage sale. Mockley is the owner of a local bicycle repair shop and is fond of collecting antique children's tricycles. According to Mockley, he came across a children's tricycle at the garage sale when the owner approached

him. "I was just examining the tricycle: feeling the handlebars, smelling the age of the leather seat, and particularly checking out the exquisitely molded pedals. He [the owner] asked me if I was interested in the tricycle and I replied that yes, I was very interested since I'm a rather big pedalophile. Then he just exploded and began screaming and threatening me." Mockley managed to escape unharmed but is shaken by the experience. "He [the owner] probably saw me feeling the seat's material with my left hand and realized I was a lefty." Leftists in the area are outraged with the incident. Mockley is an admired pedalophile amongst local leftists who claim his personal collection is among the best in all of Canada.

## Cheers to the Supreme Court.

On December 31st of last year, Canada's Supreme Court declared left-handed masturbation constitutional. The court gave the go-ahead for Parliament to legalize left-handed masturbation nationally in a step that has gathered strong public support. And not a moment too soon for Edward Flynn who became the first man in Canada to legally masturbate with his left-hand when he stroked himself off at approximately 12:03am in the New Year. "It felt good being able to finally use my dominant hand after all these years", remarks an out of breath but clearly elated Flynn. The tourism rate and tissue paper sales along Canada's border is expected to increase dramatically this following year as do-it-yourself soutipaws start coming from the United States.

# U.S. Plans to Implement Mercantilism in Canada

WASHINGTON (Post). President Bush announced yesterday plans to activate a mercantile relationship with Canada, its comparatively timid neighbour to the north. The President had been considering taking some friendly advantage of Canada's water supply, and after thorough consideration, Bush decided to administer what he is now calling his 'Sharing is Caring' (SIC) program.

"Here in Washington, we try and practice simple moral values. Not only in our daily lives, but also when we're making world-changing decisions. And what's the first thing your mom taught you? To share. And that's what we're teaching Canada, where they don't have mothers."

A mercantile system typically consists of one strong country and its subsidiaries. The former collects raw materials from the latter, manufactures goods with them, and in turn sells the finished products back to the subservient lands. Though typically the mercantile system is reserved for a country and its colonies, the Bush administration is making something of an exception, as President Bush seems to think that Canada is in fact an American colony.

"The unexplored wild we're calling 'Canada' is abundant with valuable resources," Bush said in his press conference yesterday. "We need to take advantage of our close proximity, before the other countries come after it. Yeehaw!"

The new mercantile economy is a bold step in the sphere of North American trade. "These preindustrial societies have great potential," said Condoleezza Rice in a statement on Wednesday. "We want to get these people to start functioning on the global economic scale."

Speculation is being made as to the motives of the American government, in taking advantage of Canada's re-

sources. Some theories comment on the tendency of Americans to take their own resources for granted, using them all up, thus making it necessary to turn to alternate sources. The Bush administration, however, is choosing a diplomatic route as opposed to simply going in and demanding of the 'natives' that they oblige the wishes of their superior power.

Taking a page from America's British ancestors of the mid-and-late 18th century, the SIC's first initiative is to impose several taxes. Allegedly, these will mostly involve bulk raw goods such as sugar and tea. Bush is also appointing governors for each township, and preparing to send all criminals and democrats to live and work in the colony.

Besides channeling the fresh water supply, the Bush administration is turning its attention to various other Canadian natural resources, such as men of draft age and gun owners.

The only response so far from any branch of the Canadian government was a transcript from a voicemail to President Bush from PM Paul Martin late last night. An excerpt released to the press said, "Yeah hi George, it's me, Paul... could you give me a shout sometime today? I have a few questions about the new tobacco crop in Queen's Park. Thanks a lot... talk to you later eh?"

- Anne Longe



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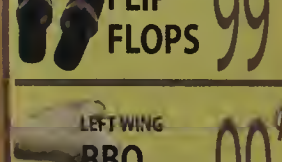
LEFT HANDED  
**PENNIES** 99¢



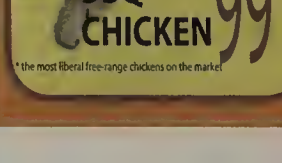
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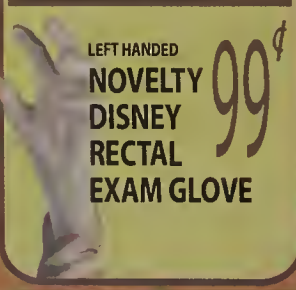
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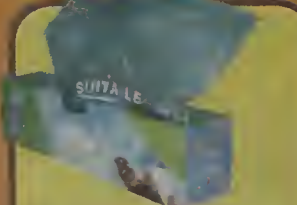
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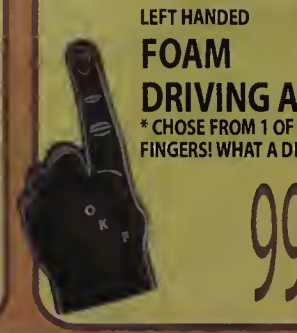
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Lefty McWhiteball; President & CEO